(38)

Ans Leeds. (Dec 30 1908)

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Wednesday.

My Billy.

Today is the last day of my nurse-hood. but at this moment I have to invite little Julian playing at my feet. Do you really envy me?

Well he is very nice when he cuddles into me in bed in the early morning. How melancholy you

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

sound. To be sure. We
are not melancholy here.
Though I shall be delighted
to get back to London.
Clive had a long letter
from Henry Lamb today
who has taken rooms in
Fitzroy St. & who wants
advice about the cottage
he took near here, for
which he has paid hardly
any rent & in which he
has left some books. We

suspect that he really wants to borrow money. but perhaps not. I wonder what Lalee B. had to told to about Nina. I have not heard from her at all & she has not thanked me for the shawl I gave her.

This is the last letter I shall write to you (Ce). Frankly my letters might have well have been telegrams except that they'd have been so expensive. I must now attend to Indian & then

I have to dress Dorothy's hair as she is going to a dance tonight. I did it for her the other night with such success that I think of going out as hairdresser for difficult heads. Her hair is now not very much longer than Clive's.

Farewell, fastidious tarantula. I hope you're coming to dinner on Friday.

V. B.

T. PARSONS 8-2-73

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Thursday.

My Billy.
I suppose we are rather cravens not to come tonight. But Clive has some work to do & Ka says she & I are too lazy to leave the fire. I think she is also rather tired - Shall I see you tomorrow? I have chance of Tuesday in the afternoon - If you can bring your letters

I'll do them for you. My watch is found! I dropped it at Percy Gwenp's.

GBS.

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

Thursday.

My Billy.

I have just seen Savage. He was going to write to you himself. & so you will probably know his opinion before you read this. I had given him in my letter as accurate an account as I could of how you are & said that I thought you were better but still had the numbness & headache when anything unusual of this kind happened. I told him that you were, I thought, prepared to do anything rather than go on being not quite well very much longer

When you had had a bad
day, but that when you left
letter you were very sanguine
& thought yourself almost well.
Savage said he had considered
the whole matter most care-
fully & had come to the con-
clusion that he had tried half
measures long enough. He said
he had done his best with them
& thought it was too risky to
go on with them any longer
& that you would never get
quite well unless you had
a rest cure. I asked him
whether that was his honest
opinion & he was most de-
cided about it. Then he

said that he did not think
you could have a cure in London
at this time of year because
it was so stuffy. I suggested
some place like Hampstead &
he said that he would find
out & make all arrangements.
He thought he knew of a very
good place at Richmond,
kept by a lady he knows.
where you could have a
modified cure & be within
easy reach. He does not
think the most severe type
of Weir Mitchell treatment
necessary, but thinks that
you ought to have what he
calls slightly modified treat-
ment for a month. He said
that he would try to get it

arranged by the beginning of
next week & would let you
know when to come up &
see him before beginning it.
He wants you to come up
& go straight to the cure
from Canterbury. He said
he supposed that on some days
you felt quite well & on
others bad again - I think
I have told you everything
he said as far as I can
remember it. I am afraid,
unless you happen to have
a headache, that you will
be inclined to think it all
absurd. But I am quite
sure that Savage took it
most seriously & was con-
vinced that your only way
of complete recovery was thro'.

NYPL

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

I certainly did not give him
to had an account of you
& I thought that he evidently
understood your state.

Does this all sound very
matter of fact & brutal? I
am not really but I thought
I had better tell you just
what happened. I know
how horrid it is but I am
sure Savage thought that
you would only go on in
this unsatisfactory way indefinitely unless you did
something drastic. It does
seem a pity that he didn't
decide on this sooner. But
I think he had wanted to
give gentle measures a fair trial

I went on my way home to Fitzroy & couldn't find your books anywhere. I looked in all your rooms & the drawing room & study. & I think I must have seen them if they had been there

I saw Saxon last night. He was evidently highly flattered at your invitation & I thought in a flutter of gratified vanity which he tried to conceal under a mask of incapacity to find out your station & trains. I was kind enough to tell him West Canterbury & I suppose he can really look out trains. But he didn't come home with us so I only saw him for a few

minutes. Ottoline was there
& kissed her hand to me
across the theatre, a salute
which I had not the grace or
self-confidence to return. She
came in the next interval to
talk to me & ask after you.
She herself evidently thinks
she has exactly the same
disease - & perhaps she has
She had long wisps of hair
all over her eyes & looked
very much distraught. She
had only just come to London,
which she finds too exhausting
& she is to go abroad almost
at once for 2 months. She
wished you could go with
her & thought you would have
a good effect upon each other.
as she is - outwardly - calm.
I saw none of Bertie & Phil-
mans. but no one else to
talk to. Duncan of course
came home with us. but I

felt de trop. I must leave some of my gossip to tell Clive. I have had no letter from you yet & only one from him.

Do write to me & tell me how you are & whether there is anything else you want to know about what Savage said but I think I have told you all. Our interview was short as he already had all the facts from my letter & had clearly made up his mind. I have written immediately on coming in, so as not to forget anything. It seems a very long time since I saw you & I feel in an oddly widowed position here. Certainly Adrian owed in some ways be a weight to those with. But he is very kind & polite to me & complements me on having ice in the butter.

Love V.S.

NYPL

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

June 24.

My Billy.

I can't think how I came to be such a rat about your books yesterday. I am very sorry. But I can only put it down to general pettiness. Values of mind. Adrian however was clearer & I hope you will get them today. I have had no letter from you yet. which I call rather naughty treatment. Especially considering what reams I have been sending daily to that Rat Farm.

We passed a peaceful eve-
ning yesterday - as I had
charge of Julian & started
the evening with such a
terrible catastrophe that I
had to spend the rest of it
in the day nursery waiting
for answers. The catastrophe
was of such a nature that
your pen would do more
justice to it than mine can.
It began with a chuckle.
& ended with clean night-
dress - clean blankets -
clean pillow. However the
medicine, which is very
sweet & acceptable with /

hope put a stop to any thing more.

I wish I knew how you are & whether you are feeling depressed or philosophical. I am afraid you are sure to be rather a pathetic small animal. But it will be a mercy to have you really in the full use of your brains again - as you will be I hope in time to welcome Clarissa. I went down to the study after getting rid of Julian this morning & found Duncan established I am inclined to be somewhat sceptical about the great passion - at least he seems

calm enough & refused to go
afterwards to the British
Museum with Adrian & Saxon
who appeared, having taken
a day off to go & see the
Chinese paintings. Instead
he went off by himself to
Carfax: & Adrian & Saxon have
gone & will return for luncheon.
I am become completely
lazy. & seem to spend most
of my time writing to you &
Clive. I must now send
him a letter of abject
confession & humiliety. the
reason of which you will
no doubt be told.

Yrs VB.

NYPL

20Th 9/37

46, Gordon Square,
Bloomsbury.

June 25

My Billy.

I have written pages to Clive which are meant for you too. So this is only a scrap to tell you how very silly & completely cracked I think you. How can you talk such nonsense as you seem to have been doing - & how can you indulge in morbid & depressing wonders as to how much I abuse you in private, etc. etc. I have no doubt whatever that however much I may abuse

you - & of course my nature is so vicious that abuse is always attractive - still the general effect left on my hearers is that I have a far higher opinion of you than you give them to understand that you have of me. Faint praise may possibly be more in your line. But you will never see it. Though I suppose you know that you do talk & think a great deal of nonsense - You are always telling me how incapable of speech I am & then you

are always expecting me
to grow a tongue. A student
of characters might to them
letters. Shall I turn into
a writer one of these days,
do you think? One would
almost say you did hope
& expect it. As well ex-
pect the worm to grow wings.
I am no caterpillar.
Well, I hope this is lucid.
Shall we have a cheerful
summer at Studland?
You write your brains teem
with new ideas & produce
all kinds of works. & I
at least quiet as Clarissa.
I suppose we shall have
many plans for the autumn
I forgot to tell you that the

Gibbons told me both of another house-agent & a lady with a house. To save time I have written both but haven't yet heard.

V.B.

NYPL

Rota 9/32